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"I know it, sir; I know it; for you would  
say, 'If I could not save him, who can I  
hope to?'"

"You would not like to break my heart, to discourage your friend and brother in the good work, the difficult work?"

"I would rather die, if it is to be so, I pray heaven to strike the dead in this room while I am fit to die."

"I don't say that. I wish to repair your crimes, and to make me prouder of you than a mother of her first-born." He passed and walked the room in silence. Presently he stopped in front of Robinson. "You have often said you owed me something."

"My life and my soul's salvation," was the instant reply.

"I ask a return. Square the account with me."

"That I can never do."

"You can. I will take two favors in return for all you say I have done for you. No idle words, but yes or no, upon your honor. Will you grant them or won't you?"

"I will, upon thy honor."

"One is that you will pray very often: not only morning and evening, but at sundown, when thou hast leisure to do so, when

set—at that dangerous hour to find Jesus in prayer. The temptation association begins. At that hour honest men retire out of sight, and rogues come abroad like vermin and wild beasts. But, most of all, at any hour of the day or night a temptation comes near you, at that moment pray. Don't wait to see how strong the temptation is, and whether you can't conquer it without help from above. At the sight of an enemy put the heavenly armor! No need to kneel or to go apart. Two words secretly cast heavenward, "Lord help me!" is better. Will you read

"Then give me your hand; here is a plain gold ring to recall this sacred promise; put it on, wear it, and look at it, and never lose it or forget your promise."

"Then that take it must cost my hand off with it."

"Enough; it is a promise. My second request is that the moment you are free you will go and stay with an honest man."

"I ask no better, sir, if he will have me."

"George Fielding. He has a farm near  
 Bathurst."  
 "George Fielding, sir? He affronted me  
 when I was in trouble. It was no more  
 than I deserved. I forgave him; but you  
 don't know the lad, sir. He would not  
 speak to me; he would not look at me. He  
 would turn his back on me if we ran against  
 one another in a wilderness."  
 "There is a taleman that will insure you  
 a welcome from him—no letter from the woman  
 can be loved. Come, yea or no?"

"I will, sir, for your sake, not for theirs. Sir, do pray give me something harder to do for you than these two things!"

"No, I won't overweight you nor encumber your memory with plagues, these two, and no more. And here we part. See what it is to sin against society. I whom your conversation has so interested, to whom your company is so agreeable—in one word, I who love you, can find no kinder word to say to you to-day than this: let me never see your face again—let me

His voice trembled, as he said these words, and he wrung Robinson's hand, and Robinson groaned and turned away.

"Sorrow I can do no more for you. I must leave the rest to God." And with these words, for the second time in their acquaintance, the good soul kneeled down and prayed aloud for this man. And this time he prayed at length, with ardent tenderness unspeakable. He prayed as for a brother on the brink of a precipice. His

wrestled with himself; and ere he concluded, he heard a subdued sound near him; and it was poor Robinson, who touched and penetrated by such angelic love, and aware struck to hear a good man pour out his very soul at the mercy seat of heaven, had crept timidly to his side and knelt there, bearing his mute part in the fervent supplication.

As Mr. Eden rose from his knees, Evans concluded gently at the door; he had been waiting some minutes, but had heard the voice of prayer, and gratefully fancied that

voice of prayer, who lovingly, almost wearily, interrupt it. At his knock the priest and the choir started. The priest suddenly held out both his hands; the thief bowed his head and kissed them many times, and of this they parted lastly with swelling hearts and not another word, except the thousand that their most eyes exchanged in one single look—the last.

[Continued next week.]

At Birmingham, Eng., recently, one Jack Hartwell, better variously known as "Mel-

ration," "The Great Seal of England," "Anna Rose," and "The Serena of New York," was convicted of defrauding numerous girls and women by selling to them "love charms," "spells," and magic incantations, by which they were to "marry wealthy widows, and live happily ever afterwards." He offered in court to swear that he was a real aviar, but the racoon's bunions were sent to prison for nine months, all the same.

They said that shaking whisky occasionally while ripening in barrels improves the quality. Reckon that's why some of the

A Spanish magistrate threatens to confiscate all adulterated food and distribute it among charitable institutions. Spain, it will be seen, is rapidly absorbing American ideas.—[Patman.







**FITCH**